

Sketch

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Article 3

Perspective

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Perspective

Helen Taylor

“THIS is the fellow for you; have fun.” Introductions are only minor at Hallowe’en parties. The boy is very tall; too tall for my five feet one-half inch. Why do they ask the top man on a totem pole to a party and expect me to entertain him? Oh well, what’s another kink in the neck?

“Hallowe’en is fun isn’t it?” Dance music crowding everything else out of the room; wonder what he said. His voice is low. Did he say something about Hallowe’en? It was never very interesting. All right for fellows who like to roll garbage cans down alleys, I suppose. Thank goodness I’ve outgrown costume parties. The time I went as a fried egg was the last straw. He would make a good strip of bacon though.

“Food,” the call; just at the right time. I was going to have to say something or lose the bid. Parties are dull enough without having to endure them alone.

Why is table conversation always chatty and noise? And why do they serve chili? It’s hot; my stomach is already beginning to yell. Just call me fire ball.

“Don’t you like olives?” Does he notice everything?

“Not especially; do you?” If he wants more olives he can always go after them. That is one thing decent about this party. You could eat goldfish and no one would be surprised.

Thank goodness he moves your chair back from the table without leaving you suspended at a right angle until your knees buckle. And he doesn’t pull your chair out with you in it as if you were a cripple. Score one for Mr. Mapel.

Mapel. That could be score two. His hair is just the color of maple leaves in the fall. Would it be soft like the under side of a leaf, too?

“The next dance, that would be nice.” It isn’t so hard to dance with him as I thought it would be. The muscles in his arm move like a gentle persuasian when he changes his step. I can rest against his hand; it is big and close on my back.

The room moves like a set on well oiled rollers. Now the big window glides past, and now the radio; he has to duck his head when he goes under the chandelier.

"I'm sorry, your hair is getting mussed a little. My chin seems to be in the wrong place."

His chin is just right.

"Let it be mussed; it can be combed."

Dreamy—if I put my hand here, I can rest my cheek on it so. Mmmmm—dreamy. The noise is faint, like the last echo.

"Hallowe'en? Yes, I like Hallowe'en." This year and the next, and the next. •

And the next after that?----

* * *

(Today; Hallowe'en '42, the one that is our fourth, the one that will be the first without you. No hot chili this Hallowe'en; no one to go hunting for olives when the last on the table is gone. No one to muss my hair. Only maple leaves, soft on the backs.)

Somewhere Warm, Green Grass Is Growing

Dwaine Marvick

Somewhere warm, green grass is growing,
Covering the hill-brow;
Somewhere herds of cattle lowing
Spread the word: it's spring now.
If I could stand at sundown
On that rough, crop-weary hill
And see the brown, sun-heavy ground
Turned black and wet at the plowman's will;
If I could strain with my tired eyes
To see in the graying pallor
The flaming sun as it slowly dies—
A shining medal for a dead day's valor—
I should forget my store-bought brain,
And know dumb wisdom bought with pain.